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MEMOIR OF FRANCES FOWLER.

BY A LADY.

1871

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PREFACE.

This little book, designed as a monument to the virtues of an interesting and lovely child, is intended merely for a limited and gratuitous circulation among the near friends and acquaintances of the deceased; and it is hoped, that by thus being brought before the mind, particularly of her young associates, a sense of her excellence may be perpetuated, and thereby a salutary influence exerted upon those from whom impressions of departed friends, though deep at first, too easily fade away.

It will be readily seen, that there are many circumstances here related, which could have been known only to her family friends; and which, since her death, they have delighted to dwell upon. These are, with much reluctance, even thus far, exhibited to the public view. A still greater publicity, by a work designed for a more general and extended circulation, would seem to rob her memory of that sacredness which her friends so well love to cherish.

Still, to those most near, there will ever remain a thousand tender recollections,

which the pen cannot pourtray, and which will long continue, as a sanctuary into which the mind will delight to enter and to dwell, and with which no stranger intermeddleth. If, therefore, within the limited circle for which these little pages are designed, the perusal of them shall serve to recall to the minds of any a more vivid recollection of the virtues and excellencies of a departed friend; or shall tend to fix more deeply upon the tender minds of her youthful associates, the impression that they too must die, and thereby stimulate any to the more diligent practice of those virtues which adorned her character, and to learn, as it is believed she had learned, "to remember their Creator in the days of their youth," the principal objects of this little publication will have been fully realized.

MEMOIR

OF

FRANCES FOWLER.

CHAPTER I.

The subject of this memoir was born in Westfield, Mass., July 23d, 1822, and was the second child of her parents, their eldest being a son.

The birth of a daughter was matter of great joy, and awakened much gratitude and praise to the Giver of every good gift. She was early, and we may believe sincerely dedicated to God in baptism. To a believing, anxious parent, this occasion is one of tender interest, and must call forth the earnest prayer, "Oh, that this child might live before thee."

The parents of this family were accustomed to have their children present at the hour of family worship. They early learned to assume the posture of devotion; and a little,

playful boy, at two years old, would kneel by his little chair, and remain quiet and attentive, during the service. While seizing the earliest dawn of reason to teach them there was a God who gave them every good thing, they knew that these impressions would be greatly enforced, if they showed that they too depended upon God, and daily sought his blessing. The habit of prayer was thus early cultivated, and it was not regarded as an unpleasant service, as one little circumstance will shew. As these children became able to understand more fully the nature of prayer, instead of hastening to their play directly, they often would go into another room by themselves, separately; and, after locking the door, would spend a few moments in prayer alone.

Of the infancy of this daughter, it may truly be said she was a pleasant child. The first instance of rebellion against her mother's commands, occurred when she was about one year old. A simple circumstance gave rise to the opposition; and too many mothers would have let a like occasion pass, thinking their child too young to be governed. But this parent, upon much reflection, and from considerable expe-

rience, adopted the conclusion that her child was old enough to be compelled to obey, as soon as it had understanding sufficient to know the will of the parent. Upon this subject, much has been said, much written, and various plans adopted. We know that argument and persuasion are more congenial to the feelings of a fond mother, than coercive measures; but where we are assured "that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," and "that the rod of correction shall drive it far from him," and also, that "the rod and reproof give wisdom; but the child left to himself, bringeth his parent to shame," we believe the judicious, Christian parent will not do his child such injustice, as to omit punishment when suitable occasions call for it. And is it not a question of much interest, whether a child who is taught ready, cheerful obedience to an earthly parent, may not more readily, cheerfully, and unconditionally obey the commands of Him "whose right it is to reign, and who doeth all things well?"

But be this as it may, the result in the present instance was happy, though the contest was long and severe. More than two hours this little child persisted in her rebellion; but

when she found that nothing but submission would do, she became truly submissive, and the lion was changed into the lamb. It was then that tears flowed, and her little arms were extended to embrace her mother, and her sweet face imploringly asked forgiveness. Ever after, her spirit was as gentle, as mild, as the most watchful, anxious parent could have desired. The writer would not imply that she never after this was inclined to error. Like other children, she was led along; but her mother's look, or at most a word, was all that she required. Indeed, any thing like severity always seemed to fill her with terror: it was not suited to her gentle spirit.

The early part of her childhood was more strongly marked by the tender sensibilities of the heart, than by uncommon intellectual endowments. Before she was able to read herself, little stories were read to her; and if they were at all affecting, the impression would be so deep and lasting, as to distress her exceedingly. To avoid this, the story has often been robbed of what to others would form its chief excellence.

When she was three years old, her parents

left home to visit some friends at a distance, leaving three little ones with an aunt. During their absence, the youngest, a son aged thirteen months, died. This circumstance greatly affected the mind of this sweet child. She loved to talk about her dead brother; and seemed to have the happiest idea of death imaginable.

She was again the youngest child, and again received the fond caresses and cares of her parents. She might, at this time, have been compared to wax, which receives whatever impression is put upon it. Mrs. Sproat's little ditties came in her mother's way, and Frances learned them with avidity. The writer has often heard Mrs. F. acknowledge the aid that this friend to children had contributed to her; and has had opportunities to observe the effect produced by her little poems.

On one occasion, one of her little children asked for some raisins, but was told she had eaten as many as were best for her; and that she could not have any more. Then her naughty spirit rose, and she whispered in a low voice, "You're a naughty mother, I don't love you now." Her mother went on with her

work ; but repeated, in a tender, touching tone these simple lines :

Why once you were a tiny babe,
And laid upon my arm ;
And carefully I guarded you
From all surrounding harm.

I wash'd and dress'd you every day,
To keep you sweet and clean ;
And sung you many a baby song,
With many a kiss between.

And when you were fatigued with play
I hush'd you to my breast ;
And softly rock'd, and gently sooth'd,
Till you were lull'd to rest.

If you were sick at any time,
Or if you cri'd with pain,
I kindly watch'd you, night and day,
Till you were well again.

I taught you little songs and hymns,
To make you kind and mild ;
And pray'd, each day, that God would love
And bless my little child.

And can you now be thus unkind,
To one who loves you so ?
Will you not try to please her now,
In every thing you do ?

Then God who knows what children think,
And all their actions spies,
Will bless you while you live on earth,
And take you to the skies.

While her mother was saying this, tears ran down the cheeks of the little child ; and it

came and hid its face in her lap, and sobbed aloud.

The sensibilities of most children will be easily moved by such gentle measures, if harsh ones have not previously been used; and even then, they may, by degrees, be brought to bear upon them. Are not parents and guardians too much inclined to judge of the hearts of children, by their own, as obstinately opposed to good? We know they are early prone to evil; but then they have no confirmed habits to overcome, and they are more susceptible to religious motives. Let the assurance of our Saviour, that of such is the kingdom of heaven, encourage every one to believe that religious life should be commenced in infancy.

Frances loved her mother's society. It was rare that she went from home, except with her; and rarer still that she or her little brothers were left to the injudicious management of those who were not deeply interested in them.

Mrs. F. had many poetic stories, which she had treasured in her memory, for the entertainment of the little group that surrounded her. "Tell me a story," is a frequent demand from these little creatures; and if we

would store our minds with more of the sweet things that are now written for children, and seek for opportunities when they would make the surest impression, the slight effort it might cost would not be unavailing. It is more pleasing to hear a mother, or an elder sister, while at their work, instead of complaining that the little one who hangs about their chair, is troublesome, and shall be punished for its mischief, say, Come and sit by me, and I will sing you a sweet hymn, or, I will tell you a story of some good little child. The earnestness and emphasis of a mother's voice, will fix truth more deeply in the mind of the child, than reading the same things by itself.

In just two years after the death of the above mentioned child, and when Frances was five years old, another son, aged eighteen months, died. His death was uncommonly distressing; and the mother, fearing that the apparent anguish of the little sufferer might too deeply afflict the heart of the sympathising child, said to her,

"Fanny, your little brother is dying. We cannot help him; but he will soon get through, and then he will be happy."

"Yes, mother, it seems hard for him to die, but then there is no pain in heaven."

Observing her mother weep, she said,

"Mother, I have read something in my Sabbath-school book, about a little child's dying. It said, don't weep for me when I am dead: I'm better off than you."

Going home to God, was her pleasant way of speaking of heaven. Many are the dear babes who have gone to that bright and happy home; and kind is the Saviour who has provided this home for them.

She was again the youngest; and again hung upon her mother as an unweaned child. To these circumstances may undoubtedly be ascribed the ardent affection she ever manifested for her. Nothing seemed to delight her more than the idea of being useful to her.

No one who ever heard her, can forget with what sweetness she repeated those beautiful lines of Mrs. Gilman's,

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath,
I cannot see his laughing eyes
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed

And pleasantly I tri'd to sing;
They hush'd me: he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies:
Pray, mother, tell me how.

Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,
A wither'd worm, you thought?

Look at the chrysalis, my love,
An empty shell it lies:
Now raise your wond'ring glance above
To where yon insect flies.

Oh yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away,
Beyond my gentle hold.

Oh, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And raise it from that broken shell,
On golden wings to range,

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heav'nly kings."

The winter following was one calculated to prove her character. Two little cousins, younger than herself, became inmates of her father's family. It would have delighted any

lover of goodness to witness the conduct of this amiable little girl, under these circumstances. The law of forbearance seemed to be impressed on her heart.

At one time, her little cousin wanted her little chair. "Give it to him, Fanny," said her mother, "and take the cricket." Immediately the little rogue put his feet upon the cricket, occupying both chair and cricket. "Shall I let him have it, mother?" said the sweet child.

"Certainly, my dear."

"Well, I will," she replied, "he will not do so when he is older, for I do think he is a good little boy."

Perhaps, at this period was laid the foundation of that excellence which was so conspicuous in her subsequent life, the voluntary sacrifice of her own feelings, to the happiness and good of others.

Frances was early accustomed to scenes of death. Two little brothers had died, and now her infant cousin was removed. Her child-like expressions that the dear babes had gone home to God, and that he would make them very beautiful, would soothe the aching heart of her mother and aunt.

Mrs. F. received these bereavements, as chastisements from a wise and merciful parent; and she endeavoured to improve them, by a renewed discharge of duty towards her remaining children. She talked much to them of God, of heaven, and their dear departed brothers.

Nor were these conversations to be dreaded by them: these were the dearest subjects to which she could allude. Religion was not incidentally spoken of, as a relief to the conscience; but it was the all-important concern that controlled the life.

The mother felt the importance of the truths she taught, and therefore taught them more effectually. She applied the commands of Scripture to herself, and endeavoured to train her children in the way they should go. But while she carefully and constantly instilled religious precepts into their hearts, she placed her reliance on God to bless her efforts. And his grace did accompany these instructions, and ordered all those events which gradually sanctified the heart of this child. A lady remarked, that never had she seen a more successful instance of moral culture.

It pleased God to give Frances another little

brother to take the place of her dear, departed ones.

Her aunt loved her tenderly ; and after the death of her own little daughter, wished to take her home for a visit, to which her mother consented. Frances was now five years old ; and, while at S., she endeared herself to every member of the family, and to all her little acquaintances. She was very much interested in a poor, little, sickly, and deformed girl who lived near, and used to carry her presents, and fit work for her.

Her aunt writes to her mother, "I never saw Frances more happy. It is a comfort to me to have her here, and a pleasure to take care of her."

At a public house where she stopped on her return home, a girl came into the room, and spent a long time arranging her hair before the glass. After she had left, Frances remarked to the lady who was with her, that she was afraid that young woman was vain. Her delight at reaching home after her first absence, is well remembered ; also the sweetness with which she met her aged grandfather.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. F., before her marriage, had been much accustomed to the instruction of children. She had observed the great difference in those scholars who had been properly educated at home, and those whose education had been neglected. She saw displayed in her school room, the germ of those dispositions which would render society happy or miserable, and which would be a source of infinite pleasure or of great disquietude. She was therefore, in a measure prepared, when she became a mother herself, to fulfil her duties with greater fidelity. She had read many excellent works on education; and, as far as the ideas contained in them were practicable in her own case, she adopted them. An observer of her management with her children, would have said she paid little regard to the forms proposed, but adhered to the principles when they were Scriptural. Scripture principles of education are within the reach of all, and are the only true guides to a parent.

Until the summer she was six years old, little Frances had not been much to school. Mrs.

F. regarded it as a charge and a privilege peculiarly belonging to a mother, to form the characters of her children; and she delayed as long as it was consistent with other family duties, to put them away from her own immediate care. The writer has heard her say, that on the morning she first fitted off her little boy for school, her feelings were such that she could not controul them, and "gave way to a flood of tears." "My child is going into the midst of temptation," thought she, "and where will he find one so interested as a mother, to guide him? I know I am no better fitted to do well by him, than many others; but who can feel a parent's solicitude, but a parent?" She endeavoured, however, to cast her care upon Him who cared for her, and prayed that her little one might be delivered from all evil, and daily watched his conduct to check the growing seeds of error and sin.

Frances cherished a love and reverence for the Sabbath. The little ditty,

> "This day the blessed Jesus rose,
> And left the gloomy grave;
> For, Oh! he died a bitter death,
> Our wicked world to save," &c.,

she would often repeat.

She had a great fondness for dolls; and was indulged in playing with them, as they afforded so useful and innocent an amusement.

The same taste and order was displayed in her baby things, as in her own clothes. Every day, in the hours of play, the dressing and undressing of her dolls was regularly attended to. They were carried out to visit, and brought home again. Bed-clothes were made for their beds, and carpets for their little rooms; boxes, pails, and tubs of bark, for their convenience. Various other little appendages to her store might be named, were it not that our young readers are better acquainted with the secrets of a baby house, than they are with the secret of so controlling their love for this amusement, as to make it consistent with other duties.

On Saturday afternoon, every article was carefully laid aside, that she might not be reminded of her play on the Sabbath. When asked where were her dolls, she would reply, that it was wicked to play Sundays. Her reverence for the day was so great, that hardly any thing could have induced her thus to violate its sanctity.

The Sabbath was spent in this family, as it

is in many others, in reading the Bible and other religious books, and a regular attendance upon public worship; and by the children, in learning hymns and verses, either to recite at Sabbath school, or to their parents at home.

After church in the afternoon, the children and young persons in the family, were in the habit of assembling in a room by themselves, while the mother read two or three chapters of the Bible with them. She explained the passages they read; and after they were through, she shewed them how they might apply these instructions to themselves, and how they might act upon them, in the little trials they might meet with during the week.

Then she led her own children into her bedroom, and shut the door as our Lord commanded. But into this sanctuary we must not enter. It is a sacred moment, a season when this mother and her little ones, apart from human observation, commend themselves to their God, and seek his grace. We can only judge, from the subdued and peaceful countenances when they mingle again with the family, from the sweet confidence which they manifest for their mother, that it has been a delightful ser-

vice. Then, if it is a summer Sabbath, she walks with them in the garden, or in a retired ground near the house; and while their little hearts repose in the stillness and beauty of this holy day, she speaks to them of the goodness of their Creator, and guides their thoughts by repeating some of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns, or by some choice expressions of the sweet Psalmist.

When Frances was seven years old, she went again to S. to spend the summer, and attend school. She was delighted with the prospect of being with her aunt and cousins; but was afraid she should not always do right without her mother's instructions, and asked her for some rules. Her mother prepared a few, such as she thought were the most important, and printed them for her, as she had not yet learned to read writing. The following is a copy of them.

RULES FOR A DAY.

"When you open your eyes in the morning, forget not to praise that good Being whose watchful eye never slumbers nor sleeps.

"If you would be truly neat, you must never eat your breakfast until you have wash-

ed your hands and face, and combed and brushed your hair.

"Throughout the day, you must be kind and gentle, obedient to all who watch over you, and conciliating to your little companions. Never pout, never contradict, never tell a lie.

"You must endeavour to recollect, that amusement is not the chief business of life. Would you be esteemed, you must be wise. Would you be loved, you must be good.

"When your lessons are appointed, never rest easy until you understand them perfectly.

"When you have done with study, play moderately; not jump like boys, to vex the family.

"I would have you always go early to bed, that you may get sleep enough to refresh your growing frame. When you lie down, pray to that God who has kindly preserved you through the day. Ask his forgiveness for sins committed, and his protection through the night."

The writer had ample opportunity to observe how faithfully these rules were practised, by this dutiful little girl.

She was not ashamed to be seen in prayer, though she wished to pray in secret. As soon as she was awake, she would put her hand over her eyes, and remain silent for some moments. After she was dressed, she usually read a chapter aloud in the chamber. Observations that she sometimes made, shewed that she read with interest and attention. Once she said, "I wonder why Peter beckoned to John, to ask Jesus who it was that should betray him."

In a moment she added,

"I guess I know: it was because he knew the Lord loved John best, and would tell him soonest, don't you think it was, cousin Lucy?" And then she said, "John was a lovely disciple, wasn't he?"

She was neat, beautifully neat in her person. Her soft, brown hair, which formed a natural curl around her forehead, she was careful to comb, according to her mother's directions; but she never looked as though she thought it was pretty. She was very far from any species of vanity.

When her clothes were once arranged in her drawers, they were never displaced.

Those she wore were carefully folded or hung up at night. Her school bonnet, and the apron which she wore at meals, were never out of the place her aunt had assigned to them. In this respect, as well as in every other, she was held up as an example to the children of the family. But this seemed not to make her think more highly of herself.

Little girls of negligent habits, think it very troublesome to put things in their proper places; but if they will practise doing so for a short time, a new habit will soon be formed, which is both easy and pleasant. They will not then have to search all over the house for something they have mislaid; or disentangle all the spools in their work-baskets, to find the right one.

A love of order, was a trait to be admired in dear Frances. It was this, among many other pleasing ones, that rendered her so beloved in her aunt's family. She attended a small school while here, and was a most affectionate and obedient pupil. Her love of study, at this time, was not very remarkable, though she faithfully attended to her lessons. It was

a wish her mother often expressed, that her children might be good, rather than great.

In this child there seemed to be a self-adjusting principle, which opposed the cultivation of one virtue or faculty, at the expense of another. Knowledge and goodness were finely balanced in her character, and combined to form in her a beautiful whole.

Her sweet face and winning tones of voice won the love of the girls at school, even before they had an opportunity to know the amiable qualities of her heart. All sought her for a companion, though she appeared unconscious of it. It was her delight to seek out the timid and retiring ones, and induce them to join in the plays. She loved goodness wherever it was found; and it would seem that she found nothing but goodness, from her own manner of speaking of her little friends. Certain it is, she was so conciliating towards them, that bad passions were rarely manifested. When any thing wrong did occur, she would not appeal to an older person to interpose, until she had used every winning method herself, and rarely did her "soft words fail to turn away wrath."

Her own face was never distorted by anger. It was an index of the purity of her heart. Could it be pourtrayed here, it would speak more forcibly than words can do, the heavenly disposition that reigned within. Her fair forehead was broad and beautiful; her fine, dark, expressive eyes were naturally sunken; her head and face finely formed; and her whole person such as to gratify the fondest wishes of a parent. Yet she did not know, herself, that she was beautiful.

A little circumstance proved very beneficial to her in this respect, and served to suppress that vanity too often the attendant upon a fair face. And may not all these circumstances in our lives, which certainly spring not from the dust, be ascribed to the grace of God, as the methods which he uses to lead us from sin to holiness, from all that is unlovely to all that is lovely and pure in heart?

Once being in a store, a person spoke to her in a very ironical manner of her beauty, which she did not at all understand. He told her she looked *dreadfully*. She went home very much grieved, and poured out her heart to her mother. "I am willing to be homely," she

sobbed, "but I cannot bear to be disgusting to any one."

A little girl at school, one day said to her, "I am ashamed of my face. I wish it was not so ugly." Frances looked serious, and replied, "I think it is wrong for you to say so; it looks like finding fault with your Creator." She was then six years old.

The letters she received from home, at this time, were cherished and preserved by her, with the greatest care. A short time before her death, she assorted those in her port-folio, and destroyed all that were least important.

A number from her mother, were among those she preserved. There is a fitness that some parts of these should be inserted in this little work, for the benefit of both parents and children. There are those mothers whose hearts are so much interested in education, that they read with pleasure the memoir of a child, and are anxious to discover what influences have been so successfully exerted.

And the instructions they contain, may be useful to other children, than the one to whom they were addressed.

Some extracts shall be here transcribed. Frances loved them, and grew better by them, for they were the counsels of a fond parent. Our young friends may improve by them too.

"*My dear little Daughter,*

Your dear father returned last evening, and we were all made very happy; and we bless that God who has so kindly preserved him and us, during our separation. We all think and talk much about you; and your ever kind father has purchased a beautiful book for you, which I will send by your aunt.

"You cannot think how much your mother misses you, particularly upon this holy day. Your little seat at church is vacant; and then when we read, no Fanny is here. But S. and I remember you, and commend you to our heavenly Father, to whom I hope your prayers are directed every night and morning.

"You cannot be happy, unless you lie down under his protection, and in the morning ask his blessing through the day. God, my dear child, will hear little children's prayers, if they are offered in sincerity; and if you love Him,

you will delight to thank him for all that you enjoy.

"I am glad to hear that you learn a little French. S. makes haste with his. When you come, he will be able, and I hope willing, to aid his little sister.

"I hope you are a good girl in your aunt's absence, and do all in your power to make the family happy.

"Thank Miss E. for her kind care of you, while your aunt was away.

"You must try to be a good girl, so that when you return, you may make your loving mother happy. Kiss H. for me, and forget not Your dear Mother."

CHAPTER III.

Every Sabbath, after meeting, Frances read in her Bible the chapters that her mother and brothers were reading at home. As they read by course, she kept along with them; and it was a pleasant thought to her, that, at the same time, she could be learning the same things they were at home.

She was very quiet in her behaviour on the Sabbath; and those who had the care of her, were not in the least afraid to trust her away from their presence; for, though with other children, her respect for the day would not allow her to do any thing she knew to be wrong. She would gently check any rising mirth, when she saw it, though she carried a cheerful countenance herself, and made the little ones around her happy, by telling them stories which she had read in Sabbath-school books. At church, she was attentive and serious. It was not thought best for her to attend the Sabbath school in the warm season, as the confinement gave her the head-ache; though when she did attend, she was very much interested, and wished that others would come. At one time, she went with two or three of her companions, to procure scholars. They succeeded in obtaining twenty-six. Are not some of our readers inclined to go and do likewise? They may do much good, by alluring a few poor and ignorant children to the pleasures of the Sabbath school.

Frances loved dearly to repeat hymns. She made her own selection, and they showed the

prevailing feeling of her heart. A favourite one was this:

"When Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If we had liv'd so long ago,
Oh, should we not have lov'd the Lord?

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cur'd the blind;
Oh, must we not have lov'd him then?

But where is Jesus? Is he dead?
Oh, no; he lives in heaven above;
And "Blest are they," the Saviour said,
"Who, though they have not seen me, love."

This is another that she loved.

"'Let little children come to me,'
This is what the Saviour said;
Little children, come and see,
Here is where the words are read.

Often on these pages look;
Of the love of Christ they tell:
Oh, it is a holy book,
Learn to read and love it well.

Thus you hear the Saviour speak,
'Come, ye all, and learn of me;'
He was gentle, lowly, meek:
So should little children be."

And another;

"Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend?
I, but a child, and thou, so high—
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?"

This hymn is so familiar to most young persons, that the first verse will suggest the rest. It is a sweet hymn to come from the lips of children. Frances repeated it with reverence; and her manner and her life shewed that she possessed that same child-like dependence which these lines express.

Another which she loved, seemed almost prophetic of her own early death.

"The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn.

But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone!
How soon it with'ring lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Our beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest flower that's made,
We with'ring soon shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The *beauties of the mind.*"

An aged lady often visited in her father's family, for whom Frances was very desirous of doing kind offices. Of her own accord, she would run up into her chamber in the morning, saying, "Aunt L., can't I help you? Let me sit down on the cricket, and put on your stockings and shoes." This attention won the

love of the old lady; and afterwards, when any of the family went to see her, she would inquire why they did not bring "that sweet child."

Mrs. F. alludes to her, in the following letter.

"*My dear Daughter*,

Your dear father sets out to-morrow for ———, and by him I have an opportunity of sending to you. Your aged aunt L. left us yesterday. She had been sick a few days before she left, but she thought the ride home would be beneficial to her. She is a good old lady, and the only sister of your mother's mother, and your mother loves her dearly. I hope she may live to visit us many times. She wished much to see you.

I send you a handkerchief, and a piece of lace for the bosom of your white frock, if aunt thinks best for you to wear it. But my little daughter will always remember, that a *wise head* and a *good heart* are always preferred to a decorated *person*. I would have you neat, but not showy, in your dress. It is an old adage, and a true one, that "handsome is that

handsome does." That your life and health may be preserved, prays

Your loving Mother."

Her mother forbore to implant a love of finery in her mind, by dressing her simply, though with taste. The same straw bonnet lasted through several successive summers; and, by a tasteful remodelling, looked every succeeding one, prettily as at first. A small bunch of artificial flowers was once pinned into the inside of it, which she wore a few times, and then asked to have it taken out; she preferred it plain.

Another letter from her mother, written on her birth-day.

"*My dear Fanny*,

This day being the anniversary of your birth, I have, of course, thought much of you. It is now just seven years since God gave to me a daughter. Heaven only knows with how much joy I have watched over your infant years, how often I have bedewed your cheeks with the tears of delight. Surely, I have felt something like gratitude for this precious gift.

"Shall I tell you, my dear, what are your mother's hopes respecting you? They are not so much that you should be beautiful, that you should be wise, as that you should be good. Now, my dear, to be good, you know implies a degree of wisdom, a knowledge of God, and a desire to do his will. This wisdom will make you happy, and it is not inconsistent with every other kind of wisdom; but every other kind of wisdom will not fit you for heaven without this. You will not forget to thank God, that he has permitted you to live so long, that he has blessed your life with so many mercies. Ask his blessing every day, and pray that, as older you grow, you may grow more useful. Make the happiness of others your study and delight, and so fulfil the law of him who went about doing good, and finally died for you and me—for all. Your Mother."

In the course of the summer, Frances' religious feelings were more particularly called forth, by the death of Miss E. D., a very valued member of her aunt's family. Her mother came to attend the funeral. The morning after she was buried, Frances went into her

mother's room and said, "Mother, I have been into Miss E.'s chamber, and there lies her Bible open, with her spectacles on it, just as she left them. I do believe she was a good woman, and that she has gone home to God."

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "we have good reason to hope that she was a Christian."

And then, with an endearing earnestness and sweetness, she asked, "Mother, how do people *know* when they are Christians? I am sure I long to be a Christian, but how am I to know whether I am one?"

"My dear, you will never hear a voice telling you that you are a Christian; but if you love God with all your heart, and try to serve him by being good, you may have the happiness which arises from the consideration of being a child of God. You will recollect that our Saviour said, 'Then are ye my disciples indeed, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'"

On visiting the grave of this lady, afterwards, she said, "I think it should be written on her grave stone, The just shall live in heaven."

While riding one day with a friend, she was observed to remain a long time silent, appa-

rently unmindful of what was passing before her. At length, she said, in the softest, sweetest tone, "I do love my mother, and father, and all my friends; but it seems to me, I should be willing to die, and go and be with God."

It seemed as though the sincerity of her words was soon tested; for in a few days she was attacked by the same disease of which Miss E. died, and, for a fortnight, was seriously ill. Sweetly patient and submissive in her sickness, she lay without a fear or a complaint, ready to take any medicines that were given her. She was grateful for every kindness shown her, and became very much attached to the physician who attended her.

Unwearied were the assiduities of her friends to save from the grave so fair a flower, and God was pleased to bless their efforts.

CHAPTER IV.

She returned from S. in August, 1829, and was happy to be again at home, though she

ever retained a grateful sense of her friends' kindness while there.

About this time she received a present from a gentleman, of a pair of Canary birds. Their cage was hung up in a sunny window; and every day Tommy cheered the parlour with his songs.

She loved dearly to take care of them, and was very watchful to guard them from the cat and the cold. One very cold night, when the family went to bed, the cage was taken down and placed on the sofa near the fire-place.

When the boy came in, next morning, to make the fire, puss crept in too, and, unobserved, jumped upon the sofa, thrust her paw through the wires, and in a moment killed both the poor birds.

Frances was not up, but she was called; and, without waiting to dress herself, she threw her clothes over her arm, and hastened down into the parlour, where she found their poor, mangled bodies lying on the floor. Grieved and distressed at the sight, she ran into her mother's bed-room, crying, "Mother, mother, the cat has killed my birds;" and throwing her arms around her neck, she was so agitated

that her whole frame trembled. "I wish Mr. B. had never given them to me. I wish he had taken them away before, then they would not have died so cruel a death."

"I am sorry for you, my child, I will write to your father to get you another pair in Boston."

"Oh, don't, mother, don't; I would not have another pair for the world. It is'nt the loss that I grieve for, but it is their dreadful death." She was afraid the gentleman who gave them to her, would think she had not taken good care of them; and, directly after breakfast, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and went to see him, and, in the most grievous tones, told him the sad story. The feathers which remained, she gathered up, and put them in a paper, and wrote on the outside, "Sad relics of poor Tom and Cherry." The following letter she received not long after, from her father, who was then in Boston.

Boston, Feb. 27, 1831.

"*My dear Daughter,*

"I was much pleased, some time since, to receive a letter from you; and particularly

to observe the improvement in penmanship, which that letter evinced. For the latter circumstance, I suppose we are under obligations to your new instructress. I feel much gratified to learn that you are so well situated, with regard to a school; and trust you will be sensible of your privileges, and endeavour to improve them to the best advantage.

"You are now at an interesting age, and a very important one as to the formation of character, both for knowledge and virtue; and it gives me much pleasure to add, that your past endeavours, in these particulars, have afforded your parents much ground of hope, which I trust your future exertions will not diminish. Remember that this is, with you, the time to lay the foundation for future usefulness and respectability; and, if you can constantly keep this in mind, and, also, that you are responsible for all your conduct, to your Creator and Father in heaven, whose all-seeing eye is ever upon you, and whose protecting care and kindness is ever manifested in your preservation, and in the happiness you are permitted to enjoy, there is little danger to be feared.

"I hope you may constantly bear in mind the high and inestimable privilege you now enjoy, in having earthly parents to counsel, advise, and caution you, in this initial period of life, of which some of your little friends have been partially deprived; and that it is your duty always to come to them with confidence, in all your little troubles and trials; and that your temper and conduct should ever be governed by their advice. Let no thought ever enter your mind, nor any act ever be done, which you are not perfectly ready and willing to submit to your mother's superior judgment; remembering that she can never have any other object in view, in relation to your conduct and character, than your own ultimate good. I regret exceedingly the loss you have sustained in the destruction of your little favourite Canary birds. But perhaps they occupied too high a place in your affections, and consumed too much of your time; and that their removal was necessary, to disengage your affections from objects comparatively trifling, that they might be more fully and freely extended to objects more worthy of your devout affection

and tender regard. Viewed in this light, the loss may prove an essential gain to you.

Affectionately Yours."

CHAPTER V.

In speaking of this child's excellencies, it is difficult to say which of them were pre-eminent. She retained a grateful sense of every favour, however small, and never said she wished it had been better, or that she did not like it; but her sweet and spontaneous "thank you," was more than a reward for all that could be done for her.

There was a softness of manner, a gentle, unhurried deportment, a complacency of countenance, united with clear and winning tones of voice, which were irresistible. "Good night, dear mother," she would say, as she threw her arms around her neck, to give one last kiss before she went to bed. The music of these words will not soon be forgotten.

In relating what she had read or heard, the most appropriate words ever flowed at her command; and her manner of expressing her-

self, was in language simply elegant. It is presumed that no indelicate expression ever escaped her lips. Her modesty and delicacy were such, that a lady once said of her, she was the most unearthly being she ever saw. She was artless, for she had nothing to conceal. "She neither sought to shun, nor strove to shine."

She was ever civil to her inferiors; and could as soon discern beauty and virtue in them, as in others. If she met a poor child any where, who had no other attraction than a look of innocence and mildness, her heart would be drawn out in love towards it, and she would say, "Look, mother, isn't that a pretty little creature?" Persons who laboured in her father's family, remarked her respectful manner; and many were the conveniences they added to her baby-house, as bedsteads, chairs, tables, &c., in return for her kind treatment.

She was compassionate to all, and gently tried to soothe those that were cast down; generous, imparting her little store to all around her. Her benevolence and compassion for the poor were strikingly manifested, in the case

of a poor Irish woman, who had an infant and an intemperate husband. She begged of her mother some clothing for the infant; and when a few articles were given, her joy could not be expressed, though she looked it all; and off she ran to gladden the heart of the sufferer. At another time, says her mother, "she accompanied me on a visit to a sick man. On our way thither, she looked me pleasantly in the face and said, "Mother, I love to go with you on such errands. It is pleasant to carry comforts to the poor." We found the young man delirious, and perfectly unconscious of his situation. She appeared greatly distressed by this circumstance; and, on our return, asked me if I thought he was prepared to die.

The appearance of poverty too afflicted her, and led her to contrast her own situation with that of others, and to express great gratitude that she had so many mercies."

Such feelings had been early cultivated in her, by means of the ditties and hymns she was taught to repeat. When very small, she loved to say:

"Once I heard a little boy
Begging for a piece of bread;

When every day and every year
I am plentifully fed.

Heavenly Father, what am I,
That thou art so kind to me ?
Make me doubly thankful, Lord,
And always dutiful to thee."

And :

" What shall we render, God of love,
For all the grace we see ?
The best requital man would give,
Can never reach to thee.

Our offering is a willing mind,
To comfort the distress'd ;
In others' griefs our own to find,
In others' blessings, bless'd.

To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair ;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

Thus what our heavenly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who liv'd to save,
And died that we might live."

She was sympathetic, just, and full of truth ; and all these virtues were the result of principle, springing from the fear and love of God.

Something has been said, already, upon her love of order ; and much more might be said.

Her little library contained a choice selection of books, for each of which she had an

individual fondness, either because it was so pretty a story, or because her mother, or aunt, or teacher, gave it to her. To have observed their clean covers, and that there were neither leaves turned down, nor torn leaves strewed about the shelves, one might have thought they were seldom read. But school books, which were constantly in use, bore the same marks of care, and were equally new for her younger brother.

At school, her desk was not only put in order at night, but it was always arranged.

A teacher, too apt to feel that it was only her province to teach lessons from books, sometimes reproved Frances for this too great particularity, as she thought, remarking to her, that it was better to study books, than to be so exact in their adjustment. This perplexed her, and caused a struggle in her mind, between a desire to please her teacher, and a regard for this principle of order. But this trait had not an undue prominence in her character, nor did she ever seem desirous to be praised for it.

The advantage of early instilling good habits in children is, that they practise them with the more ease, and attach no merit to them,

that is, do not think themselves deserving of praise on their account.

Frances' example would not have been in vain, if it should lead her young friends to imitate her in this one respect. This is not piety, it is true; but piety consists in all the virtues combined, and order is not the least among them. We see it in all the works of God: certainly, then, it is worthy of our attention.

The most pious persons make a conscience of little things. It is said of Mr. Cornelius, that all his hand-writing, even to the smallest note on business, was executed in the most beautiful manner. "One that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much;" and the Bible teaches us to cultivate all things that are lovely and of good report. Besides, this trait in young ladies renders them greatly more beloved and more useful in their families; and what will they not be willing to do, to alleviate a mother's cares, and to contribute to the happiness of their homes?

Frances accompanied her parents, for the first time, on a visit to a large town. It was on a public occasion, and there was an unusual degree of bustle and confusion in the city,

and all things wore an entirely different aspect from those scenes to which she had been accustomed. The crowds of strange people that busily passed and re-passed, served rather to distress than to amuse her. She kept close to her mother's side; and when they were at last alone, she sought an explanation of some things that had appeared most strange to her. Among other things, she said, "Mother, how do they find time to pray here?" a question that has occurred to older persons, in similar situations.

The winter following, a lady in N———, proposed to Mrs. F. an exchange of children, for a few months, to which she agreed. Frances was rather young to be sent among strangers; yet her habits were so matured as to make her of little trouble; and her mother thought it might be an advantage to her to go from home. It was hardly going from home, to be with her aunt. Now she was going among strangers; and never, perhaps, was there a greater sacrifice of feeling to duty, than she at this time exhibited. She would much rather stay at home; but if it was thought best, she would go.

"When she parted from me," says Mrs. F., "and I bade her good-bye, and said, Do not forget to pray, her little heart seemed almost too big for utterance." She attended a family school at N———, and made good progress in her studies. There were several young ladies in the family, whom she loved; and she passed her winter very pleasantly, though her heart yearned towards her beloved home, as the time approached when she was to return to it.

She often spoke of the kindness Mrs. H. had shown to her, pitied her lonely, widowed state, and said she was a *good* woman.

A little sister, a long-wished-for treasure, awaited her at home. She assisted in taking care of her, and shewed much kindness and attention to her mother's and little sister's wants.

The summer of 1830, Mrs. F. instructed her children at home. The mind of Frances expanded, and she gave much satisfaction by her amiable deportment.

In 1831, she went to school to Miss J. She endeared herself very much to her, and she truly loved Miss J. The day before her death, she spoke of her, and said she wished she could

go to school to her again; "for," said she, "she was so good, and I loved her so much."

Under her instruction, she improved rapidly. She seemed to find

> "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
> And good in every thing."

The first principles of Geometry, Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany, were her favourite pursuits. She could not walk the streets without turning over the stones, to ascertain their nature and quality; and the smallest flower escaped not her notice. She went with her father to a neighbouring mountain, and here her joy was without bound. She collected many specimens, with which to enrich her cabinet of minerals. These were labelled, and arranged in order.

Miss J., in speaking of her, said she had seen many amiable children, but never one like Frances. Mrs. F. observed, she was a good child, but that she erred as did all children.

She replied, she could truly say, that if she had ever witnessed errour in her, it was not the result of design, but from being entangled with others. This teacher was a pious young woman, and Frances was always anxious to

be with her at the hour of prayer; and often spoke of the delight she had at those seasons.

She seemed to have but few feelings that warred against the rectitude of her mind and heart. To know her duty, was to perform it. The question, Is it right? once settled, and all was done. Perfectly systematic in all she did, she was perplexed when one duty seemed to interfere with another. She would refer the case to some one more experienced; and was delighted when such an arrangement could be made, as to embrace all things in their order.

A portion of household work was given to her and her cousin (who was at that time living in the family,) to do every morning, before they went to school. Rather through inadvertence, on one occasion, her cousin was sent on an errand, and the whole devolved on Frances.

She was not very well pleased; said she did not think it was quite right; and objected to performing more than her part. Her mother reasoned with her, saying that it was not more than she could do, and that she must *learn* to sacrifice her feelings to the wishes of others; and kindly bade her do it, which she did. In

the afternoon she came, of her own accord, with a confession of her fault; and her tears showed she was truly penitent.

She loved to think well of all; and her tenderness for the reputation of others, was uncommon. Oftentimes, when she wished to speak of some occurrence that reflected upon the character of another, she would take her mother alone, and say, "Mother, I am sorry to say it, it is not that I wish to tell things to the injury of another, but you have often told me that I might tell *you* any thing." And it was many times delightful to see the charitable construction she would put upon actions she could not approve.

She often attended upon the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and always seemed interested. When she was eight years old, after returning home from a communion season to which she had remained, she said timidly, "Mother, what is necessary, that one may partake of the Lord's supper?"

"Love to the Saviour, is the surest test of discipleship," replied her mother; "for our Saviour said, 'If ye love me, then are ye my disciples indeed.'"

"Well, mother, I am sure I love the Saviour, and I think I should love to go to the communion table with you. Do not little children sometimes?"

"They may, if they truly have piety. You must think much upon these things; and if you wish it, I will request our minister to talk with you upon the subject."

But she seemed to shrink from the idea of exposing her feelings to any one, save her mother; and nothing farther was said respecting it."

Her fondness for books did not prevent her from assisting, in nameless ways, in the domestic avocations of the family; and her mother had the satisfaction of knowing, without inspection, that what she had done, was well done. Oh, the blessing of a good daughter! words cannot express it. The parent who possesses such a treasure, should covet nought beside. She is, emphatically, "the morning sun-light and the evening star of his dwelling." Could daughters but realize the strength of that tie which binds them to a parent's heart, could they but know the happiness they are capable of imparting, could they

but feel the obligation to live for some good end, how much anxiety and sorrow would be done away! how much confidence and happiness take its place!

CHAPTER VI.

The following winter she attended an excellent academy in the place, and improved in her studies. She wrote in her memorandum, at this time, this little tribute to her parents' goodness, which was found after her death, shewing forth the gratitude which pervaded her heart, towards that good Being who had granted her so many blessings. "What a kind father I have, to get me this book and silver pencil, which I am now writing with! My mother is also very kind to me. How grateful I ought to be, for having such kind parents."

Margaret B. was her earliest and most constant companion. They truly loved each other, though occasions of difficulty sometimes occurred.

On one of these occasions, Frances wrote this little note to her friend:

"*My dear Margaret,*

"I am sure you think too hard of me. What ground have you for the suspicion, that I think you are not good enough for me?

"We are all fellow-mortals; and do not think that I think myself better than you. I am far from thinking Lucy not in fault; but you must acknowledge, dear M., that you were in fault also. I beg your pardon for all that I have done to offend you. I will send a kiss by Julia, and we will be good friends again.

"Good night, my dear Margaret. May you ever be guided by a Divine Providence.

FRANCES."

She was in the habit of inserting in a book, which she called a thought book, the new ideas she had gained through the day. It may be pleasing and instructive to some, to read a few extracts from it.

"*Jan.* 18. I have learned that the reason why owls cannot see in the day as well as in the night, is because the light does not contract their eyes.

"20. That we enjoy two days more light in a year, by refraction.

"*Feb.* 3. That descriptive astronomy relates to the magnitudes and density of the planets; and physical astronomy developes the laws of motion; and practical astronomy relates to astronomical instruments and observations.

"4. Have learned how to distinguish the tenses of verbs; and,

"That persons accustomed to care, are not happy without it.

"5. That men, in slave-ships, have only sixteen inches width; and the women and children still less.

"6. That the diameter of the outermost ring of Saturn, is 7000 miles, and its breadth 2000; and

"That the entrance to the king of Dahomey's palace was paved with human skulls.

"7. That Mr. Bruce discovered where the Nile rose; and that the Portuguese first sailed round the cape of Good Hope.

"10. Learned how to do a sum in interest.

"11. That the tiger has no feeling of kindness about it.

"13. That it is supposed David was an astronomer.

"That the Jews have the Talmud, a collection of moralities.

"That pope is derived from pater, meaning father.

"17. That volcano is derived from Vulcan, the god of fire.

"That Fenelon wrote Telemachus.

"20. That the cold is not an enemy to plants; and that plants of the north would not thrive at the south, and plants of the south would not thrive at the north.

"21. That there is a lake in Germany, which is remarkable for losing its water every spring, which returns with great velocity when summer comes.

"*March* 1. A meteoric stone that fell in Connecticut, weighed thirty-five pounds, and was supposed to have weighed more, as it was dashed against a rock of mica-slate.

"Learned, also, that the tides do not have as much influence from the moon, when it is in the meridian, as when it is passed.

"4. That Christ was crucified April 3d, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"7. That the genitive case in Latin, is nearly the same as possessive case in English; and that there is no W in French.

"16. That a person in society with his fellow men, is deprived of many privileges which he would have, if he did not associate with his fellow men."

This exercise of writing, or the habit of conversing at home, upon the lessons received at school, is exceedingly useful for children; and teachers often request that it should be practised. If parents enter into it, there may be a mutual benefit accruing to both parent and child.

A little boy, with whom the writer is acquainted, comes home at noon, and when seated at dinner, says, with sparkling eyes, "Mother, I have learned something *very* interesting in my History to-day. It's about Cortez, shouldn't you like to hear it?" If she says Yes, he begins, and becomes so engaged in telling his story, that, like the philosopher Carneacles, of whom children read in their Latin Reader, he forgets to take his food when it is placed before him.

In 1832 Frances went again to S. to attend school. Her mother writes, "though she was gone from me, still she was the object of my prayers and my thoughts. I felt more than ever before, of how much service she was to me when at home; and I really pined for her."

At the time she left home she was anxious to have another set of rules; but a pressure of cares forbade her mother from preparing them, and she was obliged to leave without any.

"We all felt," says one who knew her well at this time, "whenever Frances came into the family, that we all needed a renovation of heart and life." Nothing discovered to me my secret faults so much, as this little model of excellence.

"Her gentle manners shewed me my own awkwardness; her kind and sweet tones, my harshness and unkindness; the beautiful order in her person, clothing, books, work, and in the arrangement of her time and studies, made me resolve that in all these respects I would amend.

"In the simplicity of her piety, I saw my own hypocrisy; in her heart-felt prayer, my formality. She regardad me with confidence, rather as what I should have been, than what I was. Thus was her life a continual reproof. Though I was her teacher, yet she taught me many useful lessons. Like our Saviour, though meek and retiring, 'she could not be hid:' her spirit gave light to all that were in the house.

"Would that her life might be so delineated, that others should see her good works, and glorify their Father who is in heaven.

"We were thankful to her mother for so precious a loan, and wondered how she could ever be separated from her.

"A part of one of her letters to her mother, will show how she employed herself here.

"'The school is very pleasant. I will tell you what I do out of school. In the morning I read in Blair's History; at noon I draw; and at night, I write my abstract and journal. But I have some time to play in each intermission. I have had a present of the Memoir of Mary Lathrop and Daily Piety.

"'I have got into father's way of writing without lines, and I can write better without them than with them.'

"Her first care, on coming home from school, was to put her bonnet in its place; and the next, to write in a journal, which she kept in conformity to her mother's wishes; and these things she always did before joining in any amusement. 'Duty first, and pleasure afterwards,' was her motto."

Some friends from Boston came to pass the summer in her aunt's family, and with them two little girls. In another letter she says,

"I hope, my dear mother, you are as well and happy as we are. I have a fine time with Maria.

"The 4th of July some money was given us to spend, in arranging a table in the yard. Mary D. and I sat at the head of it. Mr. P. was here, and asked a blessing when we had set down.

"We had flags waving, and it was quite amusing to see us. But you will find a better description of our celebration in the Youth's Companion."

A letter from her mother:

"*My dear Daughter*,

"I think much of you, and am pleased to hear that you are happy. I hope you will continue to be so, for you have many, very many blessings; and I trust your young heart feels something of that gratitude which never fails to make one happy.

"I hope you are improving your time. Remember you can be young but once, and that this youthful period will soon be gone. Be anxious then to lay up in store much for usefulness, much to cheer in the winter of life.

"But, my dear child, *knowledge* is not all that I wish you to possess. I have often told you, that I more desire you to be *good* than to be *great*. I feel particularly desirous that you should feel the importance of rightly regulating your temper. I am persuaded that you would always do this, could you but realize how much your own happiness and the happiness of your friends depend upon it.

"I want you to make it the daily business of your life. Be honest with yourself; and, with prayer, and the examples you have before you, I trust you will be successful. Early attention to this subject will do much for you;

and I would never have you forget, that nothing so much sweetens the cup of life as a good temper, and nothing so much embitters it as a bad one. You recollect, my dear, that you often asked me, before you left home, for some rules for the regulation of your life and conduct. I have not been able to draw off what would be termed a *set;* but I have given you *one* at this time, and by and by I shall give you another and another, and so on through life. I hope you will continue to regard them as you have always done, not as infallible, but as the best judgment of a fond mother, who would do much, very much, to make you happy. Your affectionate Mother."

Another :

"*My dear Frances,*

"This summer will doubtless be a period in your life, that your memory will recal with satisfaction.

"I hope, my dear child, that you exercise a grateful sense of the favours bestowed upon you by your kind friends, but more particularly, that your heart flows out to that good

God who has provided you with such good friends, and who has so abundantly strewed your path of life with so much good. 'Truly, the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, and you have a goodly heritage.' But, my dear daughter, God in infinite wisdom often sees fit, for our good, to infuse into our cup of earthly bliss, some bitter drug. I have not suggested this idea to make you gloomy, or to fill your young mind with melancholy forebodings; but, while your heart glows with lively gratitude for present good, I would have you endeavour to fortify yourself for the *ills* of life. This can be done in no way so acceptably to God, as to resolve all things into his most holy will. If you can at all times feel that God is your Father, you will cheerfully drink the cup that he appoints.

"If you feel as you ought, you will not be happy to live for yourself alone.

"You must study your own character, and judge of it according to the motives which influence your actions. If you do this, you will feel happier when your *conscience* approves your actions, than when you gain the appro-

bation of the world; 'for *man* looks at the outward appearance, but *God* at the heart.'

"I should love now to give you your go-to-bed kiss. Be good; commit yourself to his care who careth for you, and you will rest in safety. Your loving Mother."

The former of these letters alludes to the government of her temper; for, though she so uniformly shewed a sweetness of disposition, yet it might be seen, from her prayers and private conversations, that it cost her frequently a struggle. She has come to her mother alone, sometimes, and said, "I do not feel happy, mother." "Cannot you trace your unhappiness to some neglect of duty, Frances?" "I am almost discouraged. I am afraid I never shall subdue my temper." "Well, my child, you must never give over striving, and you must pray for strength to subdue your easily-besetting sin." "Mother, I will try."

The children were taught at home on the Sabbath, and they called it their Sabbath school. They learned to sing from the Juvenile Lyre, many sweet hymns.

"All the week we spend
Full of childish bliss;
Every changing scene
Brings its happiness," &c.,

was one. And another:

"How sweet is the day, when, leaving our play,
The Saviour we seek!
The fair morning glows, when Jesus arose,
The best in the week"

And another:

"Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy,
On earth be the same."

Frances often expressed the delight these seasons afforded her.

The clergyman who has written a prefatory letter to this little memoir, saw Frances very frequently when she was at S., and became very much interested in her character. He had many pleasant conversations with her, and many opportunities to observe her piety at home and abroad; and his own daughter, Mary D., of whom she speaks in one of her letters, was often with her; and it was pleasant to watch the dawn of an early friendship between them. With her, Frances spent one of her vacations; and she anticipated a visit

from Mary, at her own house, in return. But Mary will not see her there. Every one misses her sweet face there now.

> "'Tis gloomy all the day, now she is flown,
> And voiceless things will say, Alone, alone."

She was in the daily practice of those duties which Christians love. Her mother says, "I often talked with her upon the subject of prayer, but could never discern any thing of a Pharisaical spirit in her; and when engaged in this duty, her expression and manner would surprise and delight me. I could not but feel that she was taught of God. I have sometimes asked her what the phrases she used, implied. Her answers were given with much modesty, and were always satisfactory. Her prayers varied with varying circumstances. She prayed for her little companions, for the Sabbath school; for the universal reign of Christ's kingdom, that Ethiopia might stretch out her hands unto God; for her good minister; that all sin might be done away, particularly the sin of intemperance; for each member of the family; and for orphans, that God would be better to them than earthly parents."

CHAPTER VII.

After her return home, she entered Miss B.'s school. The last year of her life was one of much study, and uncommon developement of character. In the spring of 1833, her health seemed to decline, and she was afflicted with tooth-ache a good deal. She threw on her bonnet hastily, one morning, as if afraid her resolution would fail her, and said, "I am going over to the doctor's to have my tooth out." Her mother would have gone with her, but she saw that she had nerved herself to go alone. Soon she returned, with an agitated voice and trembling frame. "Mother, it's out, and I am glad, but it hurt me dreadfully." "I felt," says her mother, "a strong desire to press her to my heart, and tell her how much her fortitude delighted me; but I forbore, lest it might destroy her humility. I merely told her I was pleased she had had it drawn, and tried to compose her agitated feelings. But her system appeared to be debilitated, and inclining to nervousness. For fear that she had been too closely confined in school, and that her intense mental application had been too

severe, she was removed, in order to try the effect of exercise in the open air. She became better, though she was rather thin in flesh, and had less colour than usual; but as she was growing rapidly, this excited no fears. About this time, a friend, who, in consequence of a tumour, was subjected to a painful operation while on a visit to her father's house, greatly interested her feelings. Though she saw nothing of the distress occasioned by the operation, yet the circumstance took such hold of her sensitive soul, that when she retired to her room at night, she asked her mother to accompany her, saying that she felt dreadfully. "What is the matter, my dear?" "Why, mother, I cannot forget Mrs. B.'s sufferings, and I am very nervous." "You must try to compose yourself. Try to think of something else." "I have tried, but I cannot command my thoughts, and you do not know how I feel. I certainly would not give you trouble, my dear mother, if I could help it," said she, weeping. "My dear child, you must pray to be delivered from these unhappy feelings." "I have, but they have fast hold of me. Will you lie down with me, and pray for me?"

Mrs. F. did so, and she seemed composed, and kissed her mother an affectionate good-night. This was a season of much interest to Mrs. F. She began to fear that frailty was impressed where she had hoped for strength; and that anxiety and pain would be the attendants upon one so much alive to the sufferings of others.

She again entered school, and pursued her studies with far greater interest than at any previous period.

She read books with great avidity, particularly Mrs. Child's Biographies of Madam de Stael, Madam Roland, Lady Russell, and Madam Gagon, together with the life of our Saviour, by Mr. Ware. She could hardly express all the delight she felt in these works. Her fondness for poetry, which had commenced with her little ditties, had increased; and her selections were of a higher order than is common for children of her age to relish. Mrs. Hemans' volumes were her favourite reading. She loved to commit her poetry to memory.

It was a practise in Miss B.'s school to write poetry; and many of her scholars acquired their first love for it, from this exercise.

It evidently refined their tastes, and softened their manners.

"Leaves have their time to fall," &c.,

Frances had learned, and was to recite at one of their examinations.

On this occasion, she asked if she might wear a wreath of flowers, as all her little companions were to wear one. "I have no objections," said her mother, "to your wearing natural flowers; they are God's gift, and it is right that we should esteem them. But the fairest flowers soon fade, and their frailty should teach us lessons of humility." In a moment the wreath was formed and adjusted; and, without viewing herself at all, she said, with a thankful tone, "Thank you, dear mother, thank you." This was her first desire for any thing like embellishment. Never did wreath adorn a fairer brow than this. A slight blush suffused her cheek, as she modestly, but with a calm self-possession, advanced to perform the part assigned her at the examination. The instant her clear, rich, and melodious tones caught the ear of the audience, every noise was hushed, and a breathless silence ensued,

as she went on. Her beautiful enunciation and intelligent emphasis, and her impressive manner, sent the force and beauty of the lines into every heart. Joyous emotions swelled in the mother's breast. She was afraid lest she should betray what she could not at once suppress; though she was not quite sure, but that those feelings which might be esteemed pride by some, were rather the outgoings of gratitude for so rich a gift.

"Never," said she, "did she appear so engaging to me, as at this moment. I had fully appreciated the qualities of her heart, but not of her mind. I saw her fitting for a higher species of usefulness and enjoyment, than I had presumed to hope for her."

Frances was beautiful, and her wreath was becoming; but both were perishable. We may believe her attainments in knowledge and goodness have fitted her to be far more lovely, and to wear an immortal crown, such as is promised in the Scriptures to those that overcome.

Under Miss B.'s instructions, she acquired a fondness and facility for writing compositions.

Most of her little productions she destroyed. The few that remain are characteristic of herself, and our young friends may read them. Words were sometimes given by the teacher, to be used in composition; and a few sentences, transcribed from Frances' book, will show that she understood their meaning and adaptation.

"There was once a king, who had for his *dominions*, a *circuit* of about five hundred miles. His prime minister was a wicked old man, who often bore *testimony* against the *innocent*, because he was *afraid* that his own wickedness would be discovered. This nation had acquired great *strength*, by being several times miraculously *delivered* from their *enemies*, who, for several years, like a *worm*, had been trying to destroy them. This country abounded with very *pure honey;* and the inhabitants were remarkable for their *gentleness*, and had acquired a knowledge of the true God, which was nearly *perfect;* and they worshipped him by *singing* psalms."

"A young man was once brought before a *tribunal*, because the murder of a *demagogue*, who was a very *tyrannical tyrant*, was ascribed to him. The court was about to decide that he was an *assassin*, when his wife came running in, in her morning *dishabille*, and produced the assassin, who was a member of a *sinister* council that had tried to form a *democratic* government. The judge being his *implacable* enemy, *accelerated* the sentence that he must die. This *menace* was not unexpected, for *calumny* had always deeply shaded the name of the murderer."

The three following are among her efforts at composition:

"God is a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness. It was he who created the world and all that is in it, from the little ant to the great elephant. He created man a rational and intelligent being. He placed him in the beautiful garden, Paradise, or the Garden of Eden; and man wishing for a companion, he created woman. God did not wish them to be idle, nor did he wish them to do too much work

for their good; so he gave them the garden to till and cultivate, and he gave them permission to eat of all the fruit trees but one. They had fruit enough without this; but, alas! they ate the forbidden fruit, and God turned them out of this beautiful garden, and said that they and all their race must die, but that he would send his Son to die on the cross to save sinners. Accordingly, eighteen hundred and thirty-three years ago, Jesus Christ left the bosom of his Father, and came down into this world in the form of a humble Nazarene. He lived to be about thirty years of age, when the wicked Jews took him and killed him. In all his trials, he was never heard to utter an angry word, but was always meek, mild, and gentle. God is eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, just, and merciful; and he looks on sin with the greatest abhorrence and hatred. God is a spirit, and is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth; for he knows all the thoughts and intents of our hearts."

"THE LILY OF THE VALLEY."

"The "Lily of the Valley" is an emblem of purity and seclusion. It is a very beautiful

flower, for it is perfectly white; and it blooms early in the spring. There was once a little girl who, in regard to purity, might be compared to the Lily of the Valley. No falsehood had ever polluted her tongue; and, added to the purity of the Lily of the Valley, she possessed the violet's modesty. Every morning she rose with the sun, to feed a pair of Canary birds her father had given her; and even the little birds knew her step, it was so light and joyous. At most of the little festivals of the village, Rose was present; and if she was detained by sickness or any other cause, there was no pleasure in the party. Rose had no brother or sister, and she was the pet and darling of the whole house; but this did not spoil her, for her disposition was something more than common. She was a very bright scholar; and when she attained her nineteenth year, like Ginevra, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to William Gray. They lived many years, and became the parents of three beautiful children, Henry, Susan, and Emma. Mrs. Gray and her husband both died at the age of seventy-five. Their funerals were attended by great crowds of mourn-

ers; and even now, their memories are cherished and respected. There is great reason to hope they have gone to a far brighter world than this, to sing the praises of their heavenly King. Never more will they be tempted or tried, but forever will sing, 'Glory to the Lamb who has purchased salvation.'"

A DIALOGUE.

Lucy.—Come, Harriet, Mrs. Ashton, the milliner, has just arrived from New-York; and I have heard that she has an elegant assortment of bonnets, all in the newest fashion. Make haste, Harriet, make haste.

Harriet.—No, Lucy, I am busy, and cannot go.

L.—And pray what are you about? You must be engaged in something very interesting, I think.

Julia.—Why, Lucy, don't you know she is learning her history lesson? You must not disturb her, child.

L.—Learning her history lesson! I can't spend time to learn my history lesson, this morning; I had rather go and see the new fashions.

J.—So had I, much rather.

H.—I can only say, that the pleasure of having learned my lesson, and gained the approbation of my governess, exceeds all the pleasure I should have in going to see the new fashions.

J.—Yes, I suppose you had rather sit mummed up *here*, than to go out *any where*. Last spring, when all the fruit trees were in blossom, the grass springing up, and every thing looking gay, you sat up in your chamber alone, studying, I suppose, for I know of nothing else that you could have been doing; and you did not venture to go out but once or twice, except to go to school.

H.—O, Julia, you *cannot*, you *do* not believe that I am insensible to the beauties of nature. Ah! no, far from it. When I sat in my chamber, I felt quite as much pleasure as I should have felt in the open air. My windows were raised; and though I was employed with my books, yet I occasionally dropped them to listen to the sweet music of the feathered tribe.

"Come, gentle spring, etherial mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,

While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."

L.—Quite a burst of eloquence, Miss Harriet, and a quotation from Thompson too. I did not know that you could be roused from your books long enough to speak like that.

J.—It certainly is a strange catastrophe.

H.—Why strange? Do you think, that because I try to get my lessons, I can never be animated?

J.—I do not think it follows of course, that you cannot; but I do not think that you are often very much animated. I should not think you would like to be studying all the time.

L.—To please our governess, or any body else.

H.—Perhaps it is not so pleasant as play, or light conversation; but my motto is, "Duty first, and pleasure after."

J.—And pray what do you do when your pleasure hour comes?

H.—Sometimes I read, sometimes I play.

L.—What do you read? Novels?

J.—Why, Lucy, novels! Do you suppose she reads novels!

H.—Why not?

J.—I presume you think they are injurious to the mind.

H.—I do not think *all* are. I read some.

L.—I do not think you will get your history lesson this morning, if we stay talking here much longer. For my part, *I* must go. Come, Julia, I think you are going to accompany me.

J.—I should be very happy to go, but my mother wishes me to finish my bag this morning.

L.—Well, then, I must go alone. Cannot you go, Harriet?

H.—No, Lucy, I have not finished my lesson.

L.—Well, then, good morning.

J.—Good morning. I wish you a happy time.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the early part of October, the parents of Frances were absent a fortnight, on a visit to New-York.

On their return, the family awaited them at the door, and joyful embraces followed.

"When Frances came bounding out to meet us," says her mother, "I folded her again and again to my heart, and wondered that I was entrusted with so choice a blessing."

She was very much engaged at this time, in learning Miss H. More's "Search after Happiness." She met with her cousin on Saturday afternoon, to rehearse their parts; and when Lucy M. repeated the lines,

"Here's the happy *she*,
Whom Heaven most favoured, when it gave her thee,"

her own heart beat in unison with the words, and she expressed what every little girl in the village would have wished to say to their favourite companion. They were preparing for another examination, but before it came, Frances was taken from their midst. God had other designs for her, and other employments.

It would be well for us always to remember, that "God's thoughts are not as ours, nor his ways as our ways;" then we should lay our plans with less certainty.

She had now reached the age of eleven years, and was giving every year more joy to her parents, and giving promise of great usefulness to the church and to society. Her mind

had expanded and strengthened, and shewed no inconsiderable intellectual endowments. For what purpose were they designed, if now she was to be removed? Piety is necessary, if we are to die; but will not knowledge have been acquired in vain? No; for God possesses infinite knowledge, as well as infinite holiness; and he is pleased that our minds should be stored with it. He formed our intellects, and will delight in their cultivation.

It would be gratifying to some of our readers to know something of the last days of this lovely child, but she was not permitted to add to the weight of evidence already given. Her life, though so short, had spoken volumes; and her heavenly Father saw fit to remove her, without her even suspecting his designs. Her last illness was but of a few days, and she was mostly deprived of reason; yet the same patience and sweet submission under suffering which had ever characterised her, was conspicuous; and although this seemed a great aggravation, yet her parents had only to recall her comparatively blameless life, and feel consoled in the belief, that God was only about to take her to himself. And when her sweet

spirit was released, it undoubtedly was received into the bosom of her much-loved Saviour, there to dwell, until, at the resurrection, it shall reanimate the lovely body, and rise to a glorious immortality. Long will her memory be cherished, not only in the sorrowing, bereaved hearts of her parents, but by all who knew and appreciated her worth.

Here we must leave Frances; and where could we wish to leave her, but resting on the bosom of her Saviour, the friend of little children, their best friend, to whom we commend all the readers of this little book, hoping that the example set before them will be imitated, so far as it was conformable to the only perfect model given us.

In the perusal of the subjoined letters, the reader may find abundant testimony of the favourable estimation in which the character of the departed was viewed by others, well competent to judge; and that this tribute to her memory, although the offering of partial friendship, is not more highly coloured than the plain and sober truth will fully sustain.

A Letter from Miss Sedgwick :

Stockbridge.

My Dear Friends,

It is not in the hope of suggesting to you any new topic of consolation, that I now write to you. Your confidence in the unerring wisdom and perfect goodness of God, is the only balm, in such a bereavement as you have experienced ; but it is a privilege which I cannot deny myself, to enter, in spirit, the house of afflicted friends, and to weep with them. It would have been soothing to you, I am sure, if you could have witnessed the sorrow which was felt here, when the news of your calamity reached us. Sad faces and tearful eyes testified to the impression your sweet child had left among us. Heart-rending and *incurable* must your grief be. The light of your home is gone, and cannot return. But where gone ? To inexpressible happiness ; to the full vision of that goodness, of which she was so pure and unsullied an image. She is no longer with you to soften your sufferings here, but she is removed beyond the possibility of suffering what you now endure. She can

no longer participate and constitute your joys here,

"Earthly, brief, imperfect joys,"

but she awaits you in eternal joy, in those mansions prepared for you, by Him who is touched with a feeling for the infirmities that now make you weep and lament. Her tender and sensitive spirit is no longer here, to unite with you in lamenting the ravages made in the human family, by sin and sorrow; but she is beyond temptation, beyond all sorrow, reposing, and *safe* in the bosom of infinite love, love which even yours for her, intense as it was and is, but faintly shadows. She has been taken in the beautiful morning of her days, but how few, in a long life, have fulfilled such a mission as hers! She has made you feel as none but one so pure and blameless as she was, could make you feel it, the blessedness of affection. She has filled your home with happiness. She has left your children the light of her example. Wherever she has been, she has left the impression of a *good being*. She has shown what human nature may be, what the mind may be when the heart is its fellow-

worker, and what the heart may be when directed by a superior intelligence. Every one who knew her here, has some sweet look of hers, some seasonable word, gently spoken, engraven on their memory. Her every look and movement seemed to breathe of a purer world than this; and this beautiful, this rich gift, my dear friends, was yours. Eleven years of your lives have been blessed by the possession. At present, for a little while, you cannot see her; but she was and *is* yours. Is it not so? Is she not, even now, more constantly with you, than when the mortal investment of her sweet spirit was before your eyes? You have, and I am sure you feel that you have, far more cause for gratitude than mourning. It is inscrutable to us, that a being so capable of improving the world, of increasing happiness, of doing good in a thousand ways, by an enlightened, orderly, religious mind, should be thus early removed. This is indeed inscrutable; but may you, my dear friends, may we all, from the bottom of our hearts, drinking in the spirit of our Saviour, say, God's will be done. God grant you his peace in your sorrows, and enable you cour-

ageously, and with undiminished zeal, to perform your duties to the children he has left you, so that the death of your dear child may not be less blessed to you, than her life has been.

My affectionate remembrance to your son. Much as he may feel, he cannot estimate his loss. If there is any thing that can stimulate and fortify the virtue of a young man, it is such a sister as Frances was. Will you remember me very kindly to your sister, and tell her I know how an aunt may suffer. Forgive me, if I have intruded too long upon you, and believe me, Yours, truly, C. M. S.

Letter from Rev. L. D.

Boston, Nov. 8, 1833.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. F.,

We have heard of your affliction, in the death of your dear Frances; and we feel that your loss is great, for we knew her as a beautiful and lovely child. But, my dear friends, although she was so pleasant to you in your house, still I think, on reflection, you can more cheerfully submit to this affliction,

than if she had been a wayward child. If such had been her character, and you had had no evidence that her temper and heart were subdued and heavenly, what would be your reflections now, in regard to her condition in eternity? According to the Scriptures, could you believe that her spirit was in heaven? But now, having witnessed yourselves the sweetness of her disposition, the loveliness and humility of her deportment, and (may I not say,) her piety toward God, and her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, have you not consolation and hope, in regard to your dearly beloved child, that she has gone home to her heavenly Father's house, where mansions are prepared for her, by our blessed Lord, eternal in the heavens? If so, it does appear to me that your sorrows are in some measure alleviated.

Should you sometimes fear that, in the fondness of parental love, you have too highly appreciated her loveliness, and that she might not have appeared to others as she appeared to you, it may afford you some reason to think that you have not esteemed her too highly, that we, who have had opportunities of observation upon her character when she was re-

moved from parental care and restraint, and exposed to some temptations which might not have befallen her at home, and subject to various little every-day trials of her temper and heart with other children, regarded her as a heavenly-minded child. We loved her much, and should love to think that we were often to meet her in our journeyings through this world; but we believe she is more beautiful, and more lovely, and more happy now, than she could have heen on earth, and we cannot mourn as those without hope; nor could we forbear to break in upon your grief and sorrow, so far as to write as above. Please to accept it as an expression of love to you and to your dear, departed child, and of our gratitude to the Saviour.

Most affectionately, Your Friend,

L. D.

Letter from Mrs. L. W. D.

Boston.

My dear, afflicted Friends,

Would that I could take you by the hand, mingle my tears with yours, and hear

you talk of our dear, departed Frances. Departed! Can it be, that we shall behold her sweet face no more? no more witness her meekness, patience, and gentleness? Oh! my friends, she was indeed a "polished corner stone," fitted for the paradise of God.

My heart bleeds for the *mother*. Her fairest flower nipped in the bud, her brightest ornament removed from her side. I fear my rebellious heart would have cried, "Spare, Oh, spare this child;" but I trust you have been enabled to say, "It is the Lord."

I feel, my friends, that this loss is not confined to your family. All who associated with this dear child, must share it. The summer that she passed with us at S., I felt it to be a great privilege to have my children experience the benefit of her example. They will not soon forget her.

May He who has thus lacerated your hearts, heal them by the rich supplies of his grace, is the prayer of your sincere friend,

L. W. D.

Extract of another letter from Mr. D. to a friend.

Boston, Nov. 8, 1833.

My Dear Friend,

We have received your letter, informing us of the death of that sweet and heavenly minded child, Frances F. But it appears to me that, great as the affliction, and most unexpected and surprising as was the intelligence, that the sorrow is turned into joy, by contemplating her present happiness, which undoubtedly is complete and eternal. What reason have we, then, to believe that this dear, departed spirit is in heaven!

Is it not true, that, in the whole circle of our acquaintance among children, we do not know one so much like the child Jesus? and are we not taught in the Scriptures, concerning all children, that our Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," as though they were willing to go, if they were not prevented by adults? and are we not told to become like them? The angels, who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, are their angels, and always behold the face of our Father in heaven. It does appear to me, from the

passages of Scripture here alluded to, that God, and Christ, and holy angels, regard all little children very differently from most people on earth ; and that such a child as the one whose death we are called to mourn, is, immediately after death, conducted by angels to Abraham's bosom. I have just written to Mr. and Mrs. F., to express to them our sympathy in their affliction, and our opinion of this dear child, after what opportunities we had of observation upon her conduct.

It appears to me, that it is a privilege to give up such a child to our blessed Lord and Saviour. I cannot but hope they regard it thus. Perhaps, however, as we have not been placed in similar circumstances, we cannot properly sympathise with them, greatly as we may desire to.

We thank you, dear ———, for your letter, and hope that we shall, with you, be admonished by this affliction to do more, by precept, and example, and prayer, for the immortal spirits of our children.

From a Lady.

Stockbridge.

My dear, afflicted friend will accept a line from one who has drank deeply of the bitter cup. Our blessed Saviour tasted the wormwood and the gall, and pities and sustains his children, while, for their benefit, it is administered in larger or smaller draughts, as he sees necessary. Your cup, my dear friend, though bitter in the extreme, is richly sweetened. That angelic child, who I have ever said was not for this world, is removed to her native skies, without being polluted by its vile contamination. Her robes were early made ready. Her crown and palm of victory are now placed, never to be removed; and you may view her as casting the first at His feet, and waving the other in triumph, singing melodiously,—"Worthy is He who has so early redeemed, and placed me beyond the reach of temptation, sin, and death." O, could you behold her as she is, your tears would dry, and you would give thanks to God forever and ever, that He has permitted you to bear, to nourish, to instruct, to enjoy, and then to give back one who

doubtless will prove an angel of the highest order. May you be enabled to say in sincerity,

> "She is thine, dear Lord, thy goodness gave her me;
> She's doubly thine, because given back to thee."

May we all profit by this grievous dispensation, set loose all creature comforts, fill our days with duty and usefulness, have our lamp trimmed and burning, waiting that blessed summons which will call us to meet our glorified friends, who were bought with a price far exceeding human comprehension. May the deep wounds of all your hearts soon be healed; and may we all say, "it is good for us that we have been afflicted."

I felt a strange presentiment, when asking you why you did not bring dear Frances, that I should see her face no more. God grant that we, and all near and dear to us, may meet where sorrow and separation are no more known. Yours, in love and sympathy,

M. A. D.

From a Lady.

Poughkeepsie.

Dear Aunt,

In writing, I obey the dictates of a heart that feels for you, and all to whom Frances was most dear. I must be allowed to grieve too, for what seems to me an *untimely* fate of so rare and lovely a flower. But I do wrong to speak thus; for a doubt cannot exist, that she was fully matured for that world whither she is transplanted. Never did one thought of this sad event occur to my mind. Imagination has often depicted the future to me, as connected with her, and exhibited to my view what seemed a model of female perfection; for I never thought of her in connexion with a fault. I know not that she possessed one. Surely, such a victim, human wisdom would never have selected. But it is a comfort, my dear aunt, that although God's ways are mysterious now, we shall one day, and ere long too, know what he doeth. Meanwhile, He is able, and I trust, will enable you all to feel it the chastening of a kind Father's rod; for I am confident so heavy a dispensation will never remain unsanctified to you and yours.

I have seen you in affliction, and know full well your natural capacity to sustain yourself under it. I also know that, without heaven's aid, you never could, and cannot now, from the heart, feel "He hath done all things well." That this benign support may be extended to you, and all under this heavy bereavement, I will not cease to pray.

Yours, C. V. W.

A Letter from her teacher to a friend.

Oct. 21*st*, 1833, *Monday evening.*

I have returned from Granville, and for what? In season to follow to the narrow house the lovely and the loved, the sweetest spring flower among earth's fading blossoms, the idol of her parents, the joy of all her friends, the beloved companion of her school associates, *one of my dear pupils*, whose mental developement I had watched with almost parental interest, whose "youth of promise was all one joyous sunshine." No, no cloud obscured its brightness, unless the felicity of circumstance around her, the opulence, the intellect, the surpassing loveliness of character, and the perfec-

tion of human beauty which she bore, might be considered ominous of evil. I never looked upon a lovelier countenance. A soft, dark eye, fraught with intelligence and goodness, a brow more fair and beautiful than human skill could chisel or pourtray, a lip most sweetly eloquent, even in silence; and then that undefinable and nameless charm,

"That sweetness of expression, calm and even,
Which tells of blest inhabitants within;
A look as tranquil as the summer heaven;
A smile that could not light a face of sin;
A sweetness so composed, that passion's din,
Its fair, unruffled brow had never moved;
Beauty of form, of feature, and of skin,
But more of *soul*; and loveliness best proved
By one unerring test,—no sooner seen than loved."

"A triple wreath" of mental, personal, and moral grace adorned her character, which she wore with such sweet simplicity, such unaffected modesty, as if alike unconscious of its influence or possession. Wherefore so beautiful, I sometimes thought, but to show forth the perfection of her Maker's workmanship? so rich in intellect, imagination, and taste, but to perceive more vividly, to relish more intensely, to appreciate more justly, the beauties of *that* universe which she seemed almost cre-

ated to adorn? wherefore so gentle, amiable, meek, and good, but to exemplify that conformity to *his* moral image, which human nature is privileged to attain? Beneath the judicious instruction and guidance of a tender mother, these native qualities had been developing, and seemed to have attained almost maturity while yet a child. The highest species of poetic composition she was wont to read with a grace and elegance, which I have seldom, if ever, known surpassed; catching at once the sentiment and inspiration of the author, and seeming to appropriate it as all her own.

Her phraseology, both in writing and conversation, was peculiarly appropriate and correct, insomuch that by individuals unacquainted with her character and attainments, its originality was sometimes questioned. But *moral excellence* was her crowning grace, the charm which imparted such a fadeless lustre to her character. If love be the fulfilling of the law, if the conscientious discharge of duty be any evidence of conformity to the divine will, such evidence was surely hers. The law of kindness seemed written on her heart, a high sense

of moral obligation appeared to influence her daily conduct; and any departure from duty, even in others, she was wont to notice with expressions of regret. In her intercourse with her associates, she was ever amiable, affectionate, and kind; and no exhibition of selfishness, or pride, or anger, do I remember in any solitary instance to have witnessed. She loved her God, his worship, word, and works. She often spoke of the manifestations of his character in the natural world; and her studies of Astronomy, Geology, Botany, and History, as they extended her knowledge of the Creator's works, unfolded to her mind delightful exhibitions of his wisdom, omnipotence, and love. In the genial sunshine, the opening flowers, the sunset cloud, the starry heavens, the structure of plants and animals, the varied forms and properties of matter, and the mysterious laws of mind, she seemed to recognise an ever-present God. How often I looked upon her as a sweet young bud of beauty, unfolding for immortality. I cannot tell you how much I loved her, nor what an aggravation to my feelings it is, that I did not see her during her sickness. She left school, in consequence of

a cold, a little more than a week previous to her death; but no apprehensions of serious illness were expressed, as I heard daily respecting her. Still, from the first, I had felt a fearful apprehension, a strange presentiment, (if such it may be called,) that she would not recover, and had determined to see her on Saturday; but circumstances seemed favourable to my going on that day to Granville. I went accordingly, passed the Sabbath, returned this evening, and *she is not.*

Wednesday, 23*d*. I speak not in an unknown tongue, when I speak of death to you. You have felt the agony of separation from friends beloved, and the deep, dark, aching void of a surviving spirit in its desolation; but the scene of this morning no language can pourtray. I went to the house of death; the bereaved mother fell upon my neck, and in the agony of convulsive emotion, wept aloud. At length she recovered composure to say, "He hath taken but what he gave; she was his own, and he hath but recalled her." The father's tears fell fast; for there she lay, all ready for the grave, she who so recently had passed before our delighted vision, in the pos-

session of all that earth could concentrate of human loveliness, was now before us silent and cold. An expression of angelic sweetness was on her countenance, as if her heavenly felicity were already begun. A faded monthly rose was in her hand, fit emblem of her fragile loveliness. I kissed that icy brow, and wept a last farewell.

"That brow, how beautiful in death!
As when the rainbow vanisheth,
It leaves a soft, a tender hue
Athwart the circling arch of blue,
Closed even those eyes: no spirit there
Beamed forth to chase the soul's despair."

Adieu! sweet Frances. Thy brief mortality is ended, ere sorrow dimmed its brightness. Thou art an angel now, a sainted spirit in the paradise of God; and the precious legacy of thy bright example, may it survive to bless and to adorn mankind.

Yours, M. M. B.

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